The Middlebury People's Press.

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H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor. MIDDLEBURY VT. JANUARY 18, 1843. VOL. VII.—NO. 37

The People's Press,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

NORTH END OF THE BRIDGE, BY

J. COBB JR.

by whom all orders for printing, Books, Pamphlets, Bills, Cards, &c., of every description will be neatly and fashionably executed, at short notice.

TERMS OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

Village subscribers, ... $2.00
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Individuals and Companies who take at the office $1'75 or 1'50 cents if paid in six months.
Companies on stage routes, ... $1,75
Those who take of Postriders $2.00
If not paid at the end of the year 2, 25

No papers discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. No payments to Carriers allowed except ordered by the proprietor.

All communications must be addressed to the editor, POST PAID.

AGRICULTURAL.

For the People's Press.

H BELL ESQ.—In conformity with the injunction of the Apostle to do good and to communicate forget not, I deem it my duty to give you an account of an agricultural experiment in raising flax. The land which was used was a piece inclosed in a meadow, and so poverty struck that I neglected to mow it, but broke it up in the fall. The sward was exceeding tough, and bound together with the roots of ground pine. The first crop was buck wheat, sowed in June, 1840, which turned out a very poor crop.—Next year I sowed ½ acre to oats which was a still lighter crop than the first. The season, however, was exceeding dry, and taking advantage of this circumstance I had recourse to a dryed up pond for muck from which I extracted sixty cart loads, fifteen of which I put in a heap with 30 bushels of slacked lime. This is preferable to manure for flax, as it generates no weeds of any detriment. This compost I applied to 100 rods of ground and seeded with 20 quarts of flax seed, a quart to 5 rods ground, well harrowed and rolled smooth. The season was very cold and backward, and the seed sown the 21st April, the flax shot up but two leaves until after 20th May, from which time it shot upwards luxuriantly. At the time of pulling it mostly measured from 3½ to 3 feet 8 inches in length. When in the barn I ascertained I had 4 cords small bundles running measure, yielding 7¾ bushels good clean seed, and I am confident from the heads on the ground dropped by grass hoppers and while drying to thresh, affording shelter for myriads of black crickets whose depredations rivalled the grass hoppers.—Unmured I think the yield would come up fully to 10 bushels, or one bushel for two quarts of the seed. I have the opinion of most of my neighbors and one old and flourishing farmer, that it was the most luxuriant growth of flax they ever saw. I estimate the coat or tint at from 150 to 200 lbs. All of which is respectfully submitted to the Agricultural community by, Sir, your humble Servant, ELISHA FULLER.

Middlebury, Nov. 28, 1842.

MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP IN WINTER.

Extracts from a paper by L. A. Morrell, Esq. in the Transactions of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society:

"It will readily be acknowledged by all who have had the least experience in sheep husbandry, that winter is the season, in our latitude, when the skill of the sheep-master is most severely tested; and that in the ratio of his attention or neglect, is his profit or loss.

The first important point which will be discussed, connected with the winter management of sheep, is *protection*, in support of which greater space will be required than is wished. The strong and inveterate prejudice entertained by thousands of farmers against this necessary matter in sheep economy, is truly surprising, the grounds of which are that it enervates the constitution, and induces disease, and consequently deteriorates the quality and diminishes the quantity of the fleece. It will be my endeavor to prove that these conclusions are the very reverse of being true.

It is now many years since I embarked in sheep husbandry. My original purchase amounted to about 500, the half of which were from the then celebrated Merino flock of General Wadsworth, of Genesee; and the residue the best common wooled sheep that I could procure. I commenced crossing with these, and steadily pursued the policy, even to the present time, of improving their quality by combining fineness and closeness of pile with as much regard to size and vigor of constitution as possible. A judicious course was adopted during the season of pasturage, by changing the flocks often from one field to another, feeding an abundance of hay and grain during winter, but heavy losses, varying from *nine to twelve* per cent.—and let this be noted—would occur yearly, in despite of these efforts. It was not, however, till about the year 1835, that my eyes were opened to the cause of this mortality, so sensibly felt in the purse, and revolting to humanity; *it was the necessity of protection*. Accordingly, I forthwith erected a number of barns with sheltering apartments—hereafter to be described—which proved an immediate remedy to these misfortunes. Since that event, on reference to my sheep records, it appears that my loss has not averaged, annually, to exceed *one and a half* per cent. with regard to number, and if comparative value were the standard, not the half of one per cent., inasmuch as the deaths were confined to small and late lambs, and ewes inclined to age; whereas exposure cuts down good as indifferent. But to make my limited loss, during the season of foddering, appear still more striking, I will state the fact, that last winter, out of two thousand, sixteen only died of the age of two years and upwards, (several of these through casulties,) and the residue that died were small lambs, ten from bad nursing, and the number about twenty. If this statement is contrasted with the per centage before the resort to protection, it will readily dispel the delusion that it tends to enervate the constitution of sheep.

Although philosophy enters largely in support of the position that sheltering of sheep in our climate is a counteracting cause of disease, yet it is deemed necessary to state only a simple fact to overthrow the prejudice heretofore stated in reference to this point. When my flocks were exposed, the diseases to which they were subject were *scab, pelt-rot, scours* or purging, and an excessive discharge of *mucus* from the nose, and many died from apparently no other disease than sheer *poverty*. But since protection, no epidemic has prevailed, and disease of any kind is rare indeed, only occurring in individual cases. From this result, whatever may be the conclusion of some, it must at least be clear to every unprejudiced mind, that *warm shelters* are the *preventives of disease*, rather than the inducing cause.

That protection will deteriorate the quality of the fleece, of which very many seem quite sure, nothing is more groundless; a delusion, and like every thing else of this character, originating in ignorance. This class of farmers say, that the Saxons, which yield a finer wool than any other variety, and possessing more delicate constitutions, live in a colder climate than ours, and hence conclude that exposure is necessary *here*, to prevent deterioration. That the climate of parts of Germany, where the pure Saxons abounds, is colder than this latitude, is very true; but the fact, it appears, is not known, that *there* protection is of the utmost necessity, and is most rigidly practised. Ignorance of this is the foundation of the fallacy which so generally prevails.

With the statement of one or two facts, I will close the discussion of this point, altho' it could be made stronger by other illustrations. The first clip after my flocks were sheltered, their wool (stapled at Middlesex manufactory, Lowell,)sold, sorted, three cts. per lb. higher than the previous one, which arose not from selling the coarsest cheep during the interim, having parted with only about 50 of this class. And again, my wool, previous to that period, was harsh, weak in fibre, and to use a technical term, *dead in feeling;* since then, it has been distinguished by *life, softness and elasticity*, and *great strength of fibre*. This is always a natural and sure consequence, when sheep are kept in vigorous and healthy condition.

The next point that I shall notice is, that *protection will increase the weight of the fleece*. All farmers are aware that in fattening swine, or other stock, *mildness of temperature* is of paramount importance to hasten the process—and why? Because the *comfort* of the animal is thereby promoted. And it is asked, will not the same cause produce a similar result with the sheep, when its comfort is thus consulted? Surely this will not be questioned. And who will deny that a sheep in good condition will shear a larger amount of wool than one in a very ordinary flesh. But I will leave theory, and resort to stubborn facts spread before me in my sheep records, which will place the point in question beyond the cavil of the most skeptical. Before protection, the average yield of wool per head was from 2 lb. 7 oz to 2 lb. 2 oz.; and this too, when the flock partook more of the 'old fashioned Merino' characteristics than at present; and provided the same means had been adopted to secure their health and condition as now, the produce would have exceeded 3 lbs.; of this there is not a doubt. The first clip that followed protection, the average per head was 2 lb. 10 oz.; the scond 2 lb. 14 oz.; third, 2 lb. 12¾ oz; fourth, 2 lb. 10½ oz.; and the last clip, 2 lb. 12 oz. The disparity in these averages are in part to be attributed to the number of yearlings, but mostly to the seasons, which in an unaccountable manner affect sometimes the weight of fleece generally. I shall not go into further particulars, but state that the aggregate increase of five clips, as above, amounts to seventeen hundred pounds, which at the prices sold, would cover the interest of the whole flock for five years valuing them at one dollar and fifty cents per head! This is submitted as one of the *solid* arguments in favor of the policy of protection. The legitimate conclusion to be drawn from the above premises is, that sheep kept in good condition will yield a larger quantity of wool—*ergo*—the necessity of protection, as one of the means to promote this condition.

Increase of lambs, is another sure result of protection. It is almost superfluous to tell an intelligent, practical farmer, or the animal physiologist, that in order to produce a healthy and vigorous offspring, the sire and dam should possess sound constitutions, and *good condition during pregnancy* is of the highest importance. By means of great attention to these important particulars! together with skillful crossing, may be ascribed all the improvements which have been made from time to time, in domestic animals."

A *Healthy Town*. Dana, a small town in the west part of Worcester county, containing six hundred and ninety inhabitants by the last census, is so healthy a place that for two years there have not been deaths there to the amount of one per cent a year—There were living there, at commencement of the present year, one person 77, years old, one 78, one 80, two 81, four 82; two in (twin brothers) two 85, one 86, one 92, one 95, and one 96, in all seventeen persons over 77 years of age, averaging a little over 84 years. It is believed that no other town in Massachusetts can exhibit such an array of aged persons, in proportion to the number of inhabitants as this town.—*Caledonian*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

PART I.

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day!
I was out, alone, in the forest to play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played, and I played, till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up in the top,
I held my breath mother, for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if, 'come, oh brother!' it said;
And there, right over the top of the tree,
Oh mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

"And 'brother!' once more, 'come, oh brother!' he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And, mother, oh, never was being so bright,
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight!
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
With eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as wild as the eyes of a dove!
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And whispered so softly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled thro' my breast,
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees:
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared!
And up, uphe went, through the blue sky, so far,
He seemed to float there like a glimmering star,
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight
Till, lost in the azure, he passed from my sight!
Then, oh, how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
'Come Brother, the angels are waiting for thee!"

PART II.

Oh, pale grew the mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart!
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom!
Oh, how his young footsteps she watched, day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!

"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast.
On that gentle pillow again let me rest!
Let me gaze up once more to that dear, loving eye,
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!
Now kiss me, dear mother! oh, quickly! for see
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast,
As the long frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed,
And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye,
As it strove to meet hers ere the fair boy could die.

"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night,
Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight—
But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good-bye!
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there—but oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"

He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest,
Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him!

From the Lady's Book.

Is She Rich?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"CAROLINE is certainly a sweet girl!" a young man said to his friend in an admiring tone.

"That she is," responded the friend, "one of the sweetest girls I have met for a long time."

"Do you know anything about her?" inquired the first speaker.

"Not a great deal: still, I have been slightly acquainted with her for some time, and the more I see of her the more do I admire her. She is, Harry, the very one, I think, to suit you."

"So I have thought. She is modest and intelligent, graceful in manners, and beautiful in person. Just the woman of whom any man might be proud."

"Then, Harry, if you feel drawn towards her, why do you not think seriously of addressing her? She will make you, I am sure, a most excellent and truly affectionate wife."

"I am sure of that, and I have thought a good deal on the subject of late. But, there is one question that I wish to ask, and yet I have thus far hesitated."

"What is that, Harry?"

"I am almost ashamed to put it, for fear that you will misunderstand me, or judge me harshly."

"Don't fear that: speak out plainly."

"In a word, then—Is she rich?"

"Harry! Is it possible!"

"I see that you are surprised and disappointed. I can read in your face that you think me mercenary... But do not misjudge me. I am poor myself, and cannot, for a very long time, place a woman in the position in society that I wish her whom I love to occupy. From the thought of toil and obscurity for my wife I shrink. I cannot entertain it for a single moment. That is the reason why I make money with the woman I marry indispensable: not so much for my own as for her sake. Do you appreciate my motive?"

"I understand it, Harry, but cannot appreciate it. The principle, depend upon it, is a false one."

"I do not think so. Look around you, and observe the condition of nine out of ten of the wives of our acquaintances moving in the same circle that we do. Look, for instance, at the wife of Morrison. My heart always aches for her when I visit them.—Tied down to domestic duties, and half of the time with a babe in her arms, what more can her life be than a scene of tiresome drudgery? It makes me sick to think of the change that has passed upon the gay, joyful, light-hearted Emily Miller."

"And yet she seems contented—nay, more, happy."

"To me she does not. There is something sad and dreary in the expression of her eye that always touches my feelings."

"You see through a perverting medium, Harry. If Mrs. Morrison were to hear you talking thus she would be most profoundly astonished."

"You think so?"

"Certainly I do. She loves her husband and her children, and, I am sure, is far happier, and much more contented in her condition than you are in yours."

"Well, I can tell you one thing; I don't want a woman who can be contented under such circumstances."

"You will have cause to change your mind before you die, or I am very much mistaken. In this country wealth is held by a very uncertain tenure, and it behoves those who possess it to-day, to be prepared to come down from their elevation to-morrow. In seeking a wife, then, our aim should be, to find one who could be happy in either condition."

Henry Richmond, the young man who had professed himself to be governed by money in his ideas of marriage, shook his head, as he replied.

"I cannot see it as you do. And, for my part, I am not afraid of becoming poor if I once get my hands on a good fortune. Give me the money, and I'll take care of it. But you have not answered my question—Is Caroline Wentworth rich?"

"She is rich in a true heart, and in virtuous principles. No farther.",

"I am sorry for it!" Richmond replied, while his countenance fell. "I feel more drawn towards her than to any woman I have ever seen."

"Then why not take her as she is, a high-minded, affectionate, virtuous woman, worth more than mountains of silver and gold."

"I have told you my reasons, Charles Hammond," the young man replied; "and much as it may pain me, I cannot act in opposition to the plain dictates of common sense."

"Your reasonings, rest assured, Harry, are altogether fallacious. Money cannot add to the real happiness of the married life."

"You certainly cannot be in earnest!—Have you forgotten the adage, that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window?"

"I do not found my philosophy of life upon current adages, eight out of ten of which are false in their applications. I try to look upon the world with my own, not with the eyes of others."

"But, if ever there was a true adage, that I am pursuaded is true. How can love exist where there is on the part of the wife, a necessity for wearying toil, accompaned with many privations?"

"Your views are entirely too vague, Harry. You deal too much in generals Let us come down to a matter of fact consideration of the subject."

"Very well. The more so the better."

"In the first place, then, you are a clerk in an old, substantial house, and your salary is—"

"Twelve hundred dollars."

"Very well. And you consider your situation permanent?"

"O yes; as long as I choose to retain it. And what is more, I look for an advance of salary soon; at least within the next year. And beyond that, as I have a thorough knowledge of the business, I look for an interest in the concern, or a connection with some man of capital in an independant business."

"All very fair, and all within the bounds of a reasonable expectation. Now, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, and all this in prospect, why are you so anxious for a rich wife?"

"Because I wish my wife to live in a much better style than twelve hundred dollars will afford. I have no wish to make the woman I marry a mere slave to household affairs, as she would have to be, under the best arrangements that could be made with such a salary."

"But a woman of Caroline Wentworth's good sense and good principles, would take delight in caring about household affairs, when married to the man she truly loved; far more, I am sure, than in sitting in mere idleness. It is a mistake, into which others as well as yourself have fallen, to suppose that there is no pleasure for a woman in domestic duties; even when accompanied, as they sometimes are, with wearying toil. For my part, I am persuaded, that no wife ever finds permanent and true happiness beyond the circle of her own household or out of the duties incident to her domestic relations."

"Well, I can tell you one thing," Richmond replied; "I never intend that my wife shall drudge about the house from morning till night. I don't want a woman who hasn't a taste above such a condition!"

"Such being your views then, it would be useless for me to urge reasons why you should pursue a different course of action to that which you have set for yourself.—That you are labouring under an error, fatal to your own and the happiness of any woman whom you may marry, I have not the slightest doubt. I only hope that you may see cause to change your views, before you resolve to unite yourself with another in marriage bonds."

"You are far to serious about this matter," the young man replied, half-laughing. "Only give me enough money, and I'll make any woman happy to whom I am married."

"Depend upon it Harry," his friend said in a serious tone, "your views in relation to marriage are fatally erroneous. If, in marrying, the idea of money and the luxuries which money will buy, be first in your mind, these will modify in a degree, thoughout life, your appreciation of the women to whom you unite yourself. If, by any unlooked-for reverses, these should fail, your appreciation of your wife will fail in a like degree. The result is too painful to dwell upon! Seriously, Harry, were I a woman, I would rather die than marry you with your present views!"

"Nonsense! You were always ultra and queer in your notions. I am no believer in this love of a woman for her own sake alone. The accompaniment of that which money will procure, is indispensable. In fact it makes three-fourths of the real pleasures of society."

"I see that it is altogether useless to argue the point with you, Harry, and so I will give it up."

"It certainly is no use, if you expect to bring me around to your side. I cannot acknowledge the truth of position, to my mind so perfectly transcendental."

The friends then parted, the one still firm in his views of marriage, the other pained exceedingly at hearing such principles not only openly avowed, but pertinaciously adhered to.

It happened after this, that Henry Richmond was thrown frequently into the company of Caroline Wentworth, and the more he saw of her, the more did he feel drawn towards her.

"If she were only rich!" he would sometimes exclaim mentally, as he gazed upon, or thought of her, "what a prize she would be!"

"Take her then! Why make mere gold a consideration?" a voice within would sometimes whisper.

"No—no—no"—would be the internal reply. "Let some one who is rich enough to afford it, marry her. I cannot."

Among others of Richmond's acquaintance was the daughter of a wealthy merchant; a pampered and spoiled child of fortune, possessing few graces of either mind or body. Towards her his thoughts would often turn, and then return with a feeling of dislike.

"What do you think of Eveline Toby?" he asked one day of his friend, with whom he had held the conversation recorded.

"I think that there is not much that I should call interesting about her," was the reply.

"But her father is worth, they say, at least a hundred thousand dollars, and she is his only daughter."

"Well?"

"There is something interesting in that."

"Not to me, if the daughter is to be the penalty for handling a few of the old gentleman's dollars."

"That would be something of a drawback. But the temptation is strong."

"I should hope not, Harry."

"Well it is, I can tell you. But the worst is, a poor clerk, though he may be permitted to say a word or two to a rich merchant's daughter, must not dare to think of marrying her."

"It's as well, perhaps. For there are but few poor young clerks who would know how to use money judiciously, if so suddenly acquired. Far better for them to struggle up the mountain of prosperity, step by step, and with sometimes painful labour, than to be carried suddenly, with no effort of their own, to the top."

"You may think so," was the reply, "but I do not. You seem terribly afraid of the influence of money!"

"So I am, whenever what is purer and higher is in danger of being made subservient. Money should be a servant, but not a master. It is a good, but should never be looked upon as the greatest good."

"And so you do not think much of Eveline Toby," Richmond said, in a light tone, thus changing the subject.

"She is no doubt good enough in her place, but as the wife of either you or myself, I think she would be exceedingly out of place. For me, because I could not love her with her money, and for you, because you could not love her without it. But it always pains me to talk with you on this subject, and so if you please, we will waive it."

"As you choose," the young man said, and so the subject was changed.

"From this time Henry Richmond became a pretty constant vistor at the house of Mr. Toby. But he was looking rather too high, and became sensible of the fact, by a not very gentle hint from the purse-proud merchant.

Not being willing to run the risk of winning the daughter's affections and then proposing to elope with her, he gave up the pursuit and turned his attentions elsewhere.

His next demonstration was on a young lady who was reputed to be worth some twenty thousand dollars or so. But after he had evidently won upon her affections, and just as he was about offering himself, Mr. Toby died, leaving, as it was generally reported, quite a large fortune to Caroline.

Henry Richmond at once abated his attentions towards the young lady he had so seriously thought of marrying, and after a suitable time had elapsed for Caroline to recover, in some degree, from the shock occasioned by her father's death, resumed his visits to her. These visits were not without the desired effect. In time a proposition for marriage was made, and not long after, their union was consummated. At the time this occurred, Richmond had just commenced business with a partner who advanced the required capital.

The fortune brought him by his wife was the clear sum of fifty thousand dollars, in funds at once available. The young couple commenced the world with quite a dash—entering at once upon a splendid and costly establishment. Against this imprudent course, the partner of Richmond remonstrated, but his remonstrance was met in a way that pleased him so little, that he proposed at once to dissolve the connection if the other were willing. This was promptly agreed to, and then, with the capital obtained by his wife, the young man commenced business alone, and upon a scale somewhat similar to that on which he had commenced housekeeping.

This occurred in the spring of 1837—a bad time for the commencement of that kind of business. The result was, that by the next spring, his affairs, from heavy losses occurring on his first free sales, were a good deal entangled.

And now came the first painful reflections consequent upon his marriage. It was but to evident to his mind, that, with his utmost care, industry, and attention to business, it would be almost impossible to sustain himself. And what then? In the event of ruin, how could he meet the wife whose fortune he had lost? How could he bear to see her reduced to a state so far below the one in which she had moved, as she would have to fall too, necessarily? The thought almost maddened him; especially as he felt assured, that she would have no sympathy for him—that she would, on the contrary, bitterly reproach him, if not in words, still by her looks and manner, for what he had done. From the hour such thoughts passed through his mind, he was a miserable man.

In the summer of 1838, it became so difficult for him to meet his payments, that he began to think seriously of the necessity of selling the beautiful house in which he lived, a part of his wife's legacy; and of endeavouring very materially to reduce expenses. He had long felt the necessity of doing this, but had hitherto shrunk from the duty, because he dreaded to let his wife know the perilous condition of affairs.

One evening about this time, after having passed through a day of peculiar trials, while he was sitting with his wife in their richly furnished parlour, he said—

"Eveline, I am afraid that we shall have to part with this house."

"I don't understand you, Henry," she replied, with a look of astonishment. "Why should we part with this house, pray?"

"I want money in my business very much, Eveline. Indeed, I do not see how I can possibly get along without some five or six thousand dollars, and that immediately. I have tried many ways to get it, but all have failed. The last resort, and one that I have thought of with painful reluctance, will be the sale of this property."

In look and tone, it was evident that Mr. Richmond felt keenly the necessity that urged him to make the proposition. But his wife did not seem to see this, so great was her surprise, even indignation, at the proposition.

"And sure you've had forty thousand dollars of my money in your business already," Eveline replied; "and I can't see what you want with any more!"

If a pistol had been fired off close to his ear, Henry Richmond could not have started with a stronger expression of surpise in his countenance than he did at this cutting remark. For a few moments he knew not what to think or say. He had already seen enough of his wife's disposition, to destroy in his mind all the little affection he had once entertained for her. But now, the indifference that he had felt changed into anger, contempt and dislike. For nearly half an hour he had paced the floor backwards and forwards, his mind filled with bitter reflections. How deeply, how painfully did he regret his folly, now too late to be remedied. He had married a rich wife; but her money had proved a curse to him, leading him on beyond his depth, where he was now floundering about, with scarcely a straw to support him. He had shrunk from and dreaded the idea of his wife's ever being obliged to come down to the details of domestic life; but now domestic duties, in their most uninteresting forms, he sadly feared, were in store for her; and worse than all, she had no knowledge of such duties, and so far from entering into them cheerfully, would do so with reluctance and complaining, and perhaps, with what was worse, reproaches. At last, the necessity of making her understand truly his position forforced itself upon him, and he said, though with a good deal of reluctance.

"Eveline, it is but due to you, that I should explain my situation. In doing business, a merchant does not confine himself to his cash capital. On fifty thousand dollars real capital, many men do business to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. On forty thousand, I have been doing business to the amount of over one hundred thousand dollars. Now, it often happens, under these circumstances, that payments are to be made before sufficient ruturns can be had upon scales to meet them. Discounts in banks, usually, have heretofore made up these deficiencies. But now the banks are doing scarcely anything, and every one is hard run. Having been disappointed in the receipt of some heavy bills due from the west, I am at this time exceedingly straitened, and am really in danger of having my business broken up. It is for this reason, and only when pressed to extremity, that I have made the proposition for selling our house. The money would be of great use to me, and would, in all probability, be the means of saving me from failure. And now, while I am on the subject, I might as well say, what I have long thought, that it will be necessary for us to reduce considerably our expenses; they are very heavy, and we could, no doubt, get along, and very genteelly too, on half what it now costs us to live."

To this Mr. Richmond was answered by a gush of tears, which was followed for some time by violent weeping.

"Do not feel so distressed about it, Eveline," her husband said tenderly, "all will be well again."

But she seemed not to hear him, and still continued weeping.

"Eveline! surely with your husband you would be willing to share any condition in life! then why be distressed at the thought of so slight a change!"

But the appeal had no power over her heart; the truth was, she was too selfish to love her husband truly and tenderly, and there was little or nothing about her calculated to call out his affections: they were not one flesh, but twain.

In gloomy and oppressive silence the remainder of the evening passed. On the next day he came very near being protested. The consequence was that he became doubly urgent for the sale of the house. His wife finally, though with reluctance, consented, and the house was sold; but the amount received for it was instantly swallowed up among his payments, and the good it accomplished scarcely perceived.—Two months after, just as they were preparing to move into a smaller hou e and materially reduce their expenditures, the crisis in Mr. Richmond's affairs came and he was compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Six months previous to this time his friend Charles Hammond had entered into business with Richmond's former partner, and, on the evening of the very day which saw the utter wreck of his fortunes, Hammond married the modest, intelligent, and beautiful, *though poor*, Caroline Wentworth, and commenced housekeeping in a quiet, economical, but very comfortable and genteel way.

From a merchant, supposed to be rich, and living in a style of elegence and luxury, Richmond was suddenly reduced to a condition of dependence. He had made many bad debts, that the whole of his capital was absorbed; and when his creditors were all paid, there was nothing left for himself and family. To procure for them the simplest necessaries of life, he was compelled to ask a situation as clerk, and finally obtained a place in the store of his friend Charles Hammond and his old partner, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year.

With this sum, and such a woman as Caroline Wentworth, for a wife, he could have not only lived comfortably, but happily.—But, alas! in his present condition, there were no elements of contentment. The man thus suddenly down from a position in society that she had held under a feeling of pride mingled with contempt for all below, his wife became fretful and peevish, reproaching him almost daily for having squandered the wealth she had brought him; he, in turn, became soured, and rendered by neglect, and sometimes unkind treatment.

And thus, modified in some degree, they still live—he yet unable to rise higher than a clerk, and she full of murmuring and discontent at her lot. Were it not that two children bind them together, they would, doubtless, long since have separated by the power of a mutual repulsion.

How differently pass the days with Charles Hammond, and Caroline his gentle wife! Both are contented with their lot, and each finds that years but add strength to the affection that first bound them together as one. With them, external circumstances had no influence, and therefore, no change in external circumstances can affect their regard. It was by a mutual fitness for each other that they were attracted, and that fitness remaining, change cannot pass upon their hearts.

In this sketch, imperfect though it be, is involved matters of serious import to young men just entering upon the world. The one most important act, at this period of life, is marriage. And it depends, altogether, upon the end in view in choosing a wife, whether the marriage will be a happy one or not. If money is regarded as the chief end, then marriage cannot bring happiness. If beauty is regarded first, or rank, or intelligence, the same result will follow. *Moral fitness* must be considered first in the catalogue of excellences, and whatever of the rest follow, will add to instead of diminishing the happiness of the married life. Money is held by a very uncertain tenure; mere beauty of face survives not the spring time of life; and wit and intellectual light grow dim, as years accumulate, unless there be burning within a pure flame of moral excellence to shine through them.

DE JOINVILLE AND THE PRINCESS.—We stated a short time since that Prince De Joinville of France, and Prince Adalbert of Prussia, had each of them gone to Brazil to win the hand of a lovely Princess there. It appears from the last arrivals from Europe that the French Prince is the happy man, and that his unhappy rival leaves Rio De Janeiro in an English war steamer for Pernambuco and Bolivia, to sail from thence to Lisbon in the Sardinan frigate that carried him on his bootless mission.—*Saturday Courier*.